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The Tax'd dogs' garland

[Scotland]

1806

Reel: 32 Title: 1

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Control Number: AAW-1834
OCLC Number : 07082278
Call Number: W PN970 .E5 TAXDx No. 1
Title : The Tax'd dogs' garland : to which are added, The maid of Primrose-hill, Hap me with thy petticoat.
Imprint : Stirling [Scotland] : Printed and sold by C. Randall, 1806
Format : 8 p. ; 17 cm.
Note : Without music.
Note : Cover title.
Note : Title vignette.
Note : With this are 14 other chapbooks.
Subject : Songs, Scots.
Subject : Chapbooks, Scottish.
Added Entry : Randall, C., printer.

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Film Size: 35mm microfilm
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15 chapbooks

THE TAX'D DOGS

GARLAND.

To which are added

The Maid of Primrose-hill.

Hop Me with thy Petticoat.

Stirling, Printed and Sold by G. Randall.

THE

TAX'D DOGS' GARLAND.

UPON the road the other day.
I chanc'd to overtake Sir.
Two country-men upon the road,
who great complaint did make. Sir.

One of the two right mournful ſaid,
oh! have you heard the news, Sir,
A heavy tax is laid on dogs,
which are of ſo great uſe, Sir.

Six ſhillings now we all muſt pay,
if that a dog we keep, Sir;
Poor people cannot this afford,
tho' they ſhould loſe their ſheep, Sir.

I'm ſeventy years or thereabout,
my neighbour's ſixty-ſax Sir;
But never ſaw the like of this,
to lay on dogs a tax, Sir.

Wow man, I think, there's many ways,
to clear the nation's load, Sir,

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White PN990.E5 THXDx. no.1

Than to oppreſs a poor man ſo,
and tax his very dog, Sir.

This morning, or I came frae hame,
I ſaw three collies die, Sir
Their owner's could not pay the tax,
tho't had been but ſhillings three. Sir.

O if they had but come to me,
or yet to Madge, my wife, Sir,
This year's taxation we would pay'd,
to ſav'd their collie s life,

My heart was wae to ſee the brutes
ſhare ſic untimely fate, Sir.
The country ſure muſt be right poor,
when they uphold the ſtate, Sir.

There's mony dogs I frankly own,
that's uſeleſs for to keep, Sir;
But country collies uſeful are,
for herding of our ſheep, Sir.

My collie is an unco beaſt,
and meikle ſenſe he has, Sir,
And when the ſheep ſtrays o'er far aff,
he gi'es them mony a chaſe, Sir.

I canna want my collie dog,
mair than meat to my wime, Sir;

1913

For turning either horse or nout,
he is a hunter fine, Sir.

He never hunts them by the head,
but ay grips at their heels, Sir;
And gathers safely a' the flock,
when running thro' the fields, Sir.

He's careful o' the house at night,
and when that any ill, it,
Is likely for to come on me,
he barks baith loud and shrill, Sir.

Were't not for him the robbers sure
would take from me my gear, Sir;
But collie gi'es a lively bark,
when danger it is near, Sir.

At kirk or fair there's ne'er a dog,
wi' collie can compare, Sir;
The other day upon the road,
he catch'd a running hare, Sir.

It's very right that useless dogs,
should pay a handsome tax, Sir;
Each one should twenty shillings pay,
If collies must pay sax, Sir.

The happy time will yet arrive,
I hope the time to see, Sir,

When useless dogs will all be hang'd,
and collie dogs gae free, Sir.

THE MAID OF PRIMROSE-HILL.

'TWAS under Primrose-hill there liv'd,
a sweet pretty maid,
Not Venus could give more delight,
when you her charms survey'd.
For the lillies fair, and the roses there,
they did combine, and both entwine,
To form a beauty rare.

This one many suitors had,
but treated them with scorn,
Till William who could play and dance,
came piping o'er the lawn;
He sung so sweet, was dress'd so neat,
that maidens fair, they did declare,
Their love for William great.

Sweet maid of Primrose-hill, he cry'd,
I come a wooing here,
Then do not you my love reject,
nor treat me too severe.
For my heart so true is fix'd on you,
I'll constant be to only thee,
Thou flower of rosy hue.

The maid she gave her head a toss,
reply'd with scornful air,
I wonder that you can to me,
your fruitless love declare;
For suitors great, in land estate,
have offer'd me their bride to be,
So you do come too late.

Then William hung his head with grief,
and said, poor girl, adieu,
I'll quit your charms for wars alarms,
and glory I'll pursue,
For love shall yield to Mars the field,
the fife and drum, invite to come,
I'll poise the spear and shield.

Then with a smile she call'd him back,
and said, dear William stay,
I did but jest to try your love,
so go not now away;
Then with a kiss, he seal'd his bliss,
she did agree his bride to be,
And nam'd the happy day.

Then to the church he went with sweet content
the bells rang, all with joy,
Their hands were join'd in Hymen's bands,
their bless will never cloy:
For they love all day, at night toy and play,
who'll so happy be, as he and she,
For their lives are always May.

HAP ME WITH THY PETTICOAT.

O BELL, thy looks have kill'd my heart,
I pass the day in pain
When night returns I feel the smart,
and wish for them in vain,
I'm starving in cold, while thou art warm:
have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charming petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze,
still wanders o'er thy charms,
Delusive dreams ten thousand ways,
present thee to my arms
By waking think what I endure,
while cruel you decline,
Those pleasures, who can only cure,
this panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
because you still deny
The just reward that's due to love,
and let true passion die.
Oh! turn and let compassion seize
that lovely breast of thine;

Thy petticoat would give me eaſe,
If thou had it were mine.

Sure Heaven has fitted for delight,
that beauteous form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its law to ſlight,
by hind'ring the deſign.
May all the powers of love agree,
at length to make thee mine,
Or loſe my chains, and let me free
from ev'ry charm of thine.

FINIS.